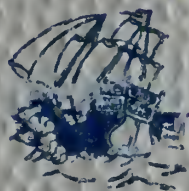


The Shipbuilder



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Miss Marion J. Hurley

The Shipbuilder

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE NORWELL HIGH SCHOOL

VOLUME IV

NUMBER 1

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Circulating Manager

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CLASS

Faculty Advisor

MISS M. J. HURLEY

Norwell High School! What does it mean to us who are leaving it? A place where we know many old and dear friends who will probably cease to be after we graduate. It is a place that we have always longed to leave but as time draws near it seems much nearer and dearer to us than ever before.

So far most of our work and social activities have centered around our school. There has been little time for anything else. But now there will be no more school work which was generally done begrudgingly. The social life which centers about the school is over. For most of us there will be no opportunity for secondary education, but I am sure that there is not one of us who will not begin a new life in which we can succeed and be as happy as we were in school. Our future work and enjoyment will not be planned as it has been during the past twelve years. With our own ingenuity and the knowledge which our faculty has tried to give us, our life will be as we desire it. The old saying seems appropriate, "Life is what you make it."

ELEANOR WADSWORTH, Editor

Class of '34

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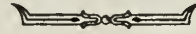
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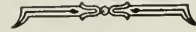
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CLASS POEM OF 1934

"The Shipbuilder," our paper,
Derives its name you know,
From those men who built the vessels
On North River, long ago,

They were men of strength and courage,
Staunch men of character and view,
Who knew both victory and defeat
And time their memory does not dim.

Tonight, we lift our anchors
To set sail upon life's sea,
To battle with the roaring tides
That will bear us on to our destiny,

The question is, what shall we build
To give meaning to our life?
Shall we use the power of kindness
Or choose selfishness and strife?

We are starting out from a port of
dreams,
In a world beset with fears.
From our sheltered lives, to weights of
care,
We shall meet in the coming years.

We shall not fail, if we stand firm
For all that is just and right.
Keep truth and honor, in our hearts,
And our eyes turned to the light.

Each one of us must travel the road
Of some sorrow, misfortune, defeat,
At times we shall stumble blindly,
But bravely regaining our feet.

We must pattern our lives by those
builders
Who looked onward and upward al-
ways.

Who were loyal, and honest, and kind-
ly
The standards so needed today.

My classmates, we must dare to live,
Have faith in ourselves and others,
Breast all the gales of adversity
And count all men as brothers.

And when our ship comes back to port
May it heavily laden be
With the golden harvest of our
dreams
We had when we put to sea.

So farewell, dear classmates of 1934
We are lifting anchor now
And pushing out from shore.
Our teachers dear, we thank you.

For the interest you have shown,
We will appreciate your worth
When we have older grown.

And as we stand upon the deck
And view old Norwell High
It is with sad and tear dimmed eyes
We faintly say "Good Bye."

Laura Gardner Farrar

Mr. Jackman to Goldman who was
fooling: "Goldman in about a minute
you'll go out of this class."

Goldie: "Yes it's time for the bell."

Mr. Smith: "Well, who is graduat-
ing this year?"

B. Repplier: "The Senior Class."

Dick Gaudette—"How much do you
think I ought to get for this composi-
tion."

Miss Ollendoff—"Six months."



CHARLOTTE WEARE—"Principle is ever my Motto, no expediency."

Secretary and Treasurer 3; Operetta 1, 2, 3; Basketball 3, 4; School Play 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Sports Editor for Shipbuilder; Decoration Committee for Junior Dance; Treasurer of Dramatic Club; Essayist.



RICHARD MAXWELL—"The deepest rivers flow with the least sound."

Baseball 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Captain 4; Advertising Mgr. for Shipbuilder.



LAURA FARRAR—"Silence is a true Friend who never betrays."

Advertising Mgr. of Shipbuilder; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Decoration Committee for Hallowee'n Dance and Senior Dance; Class Poet; Operetta 1, 2, 3.



JOSEPH TOLMAN—"When night hath set her silver lamp on high, then is the time for studying."

Basketball 3, 4; Baseball; Advertising Manager of Shipbuilder.

OLGA ROMAN—*"Whence is the learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?"*

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3; Secretary 1, 4;
School Play 3; Operetta 1, 2, 3; Literary Editor of
Shipbuilder; Dramatic Club member; Valedictorian.



RICHARD GAUDETTE—*"It is not good that man should
be alone."*

President 1, 2, 3, 4; Circulating Mgr. of Shipbuilder;
Toastmaster 2, 3, 4; Basketball Mgr 3; Basketball 4;
Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Operetta 3; Dance Committee 3,
4; Captain of Baseball 4; Baseball 4; Vice President
of Dramatic Club, Essayist.



MARION APPLEFORD—*"Mischievous never thrives without
the help of women."*

Treasurer 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Operetta 1, 2, 3;
School Play 4; Mgr. of Girls Basketball 4; Refresh-
ment Committee for Junior Dance, Hallowee'n Dance,
Senior Dance; Secretary of Dramatic Club; Literary
Editor of Shipbuilder; Class Will.



FRANK DEFABIO—*"He came, he sang, he conquered."*

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; School Play 2, 3; Stage Mgr. for
Play 4; Operetta 2, 3; Sports Editor for Shipbuilder.





THOMAS CAMPBELL—*"He is wise, who talks but little."*

School Play 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4;
Joke Editor for Shipbuilder.



ELEANOR WADSWORTH—*"But to know her is to love her; Love but her, and love forever."*

Vice President 3, 4; Editor-in-Chief of Shipbuilder.
School Play 1, 2, 3, 4; Operetta 3; Basketball 3;
Chairman of Dance Committees for Junior and Senior
Dances. Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; President of Dramatic
Club; Toastmaster 1; Essayist.



MALCOLM WHITING—*"Whistle and she'll come to you."*

Basketball 2, 3; Baseball 2, 3, 4; School Play 2, 3;
Operetta 4; Assistant Editor-in-Chief of the Ship-
builder.



EDNA LITCHFIELD—*"Life is jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it."*

Decoration Committee for Hallowee'n Dance and Sen-
ior Dance; Class History; Operetta 1, 2, 3.

... LITERARY ...

EDUCATING AN HEIR

A child born of rich parents is usually considered lucky, but I think he is very unlucky. If he is the only one in the family, he is petted until he is spoiled and he learns to have his own way. When he gets to the age where he should go to school, what do his parents do but hire a tutor for him instead of sending him to a public school. The parents think he is too good and intelligent to go to a public school with the poorer and middle classes.

Usually a child who is under the care of a private tutor has life easy. He does not have to study very much for his parents consider it unhealthy to study too hard. He learns things that are necessary for him to know in order to qualify him for a private school.

At the age of ten or more, he is sent to a very exclusive private school. Here he is received with due deference and after giving him a test, he is placed in a class according to his grade in his intelligence test.

The children who live far from school, board at the school. At nine o'clock a bell rings which is a signal for the students to get into bed before the lights are put out.

They very often have parties which their parents are invited to attend. Then they also have dances. Usually an heir is sent to a private dancing school to learn to dance.

After he has reached the age of nineteen or twenty he has an examina-

tion to see if he has acquired enough knowledge to enter the particular college he has chosen. Then he takes an entrance exam and if he passes he is admitted to the college. After four years of dallying in college, he comes home and hangs around for a year or so. He goes out for all the sports and he is always on hand at all the parties.

When he gets tired of hanging around home with nothing to do, he is sent over to Paris to "find himself." After he has stayed there for a while he thinks his vocation is an artists so he goes to an exclusive Art school and proceeds to dabble in art. He soon decides that is not what he likes to do so he looks around for something else. After dabbling in all that Paris has to offer him, he decides to come home.

When he arrives and his parents ask what he is going to do now, he says that he hasn't decided just yet but he will hang around until something turns up. Well, it seems as if nothing of any interest to him turns up so he just hangs around the house doing nothing of any good to himself or to anyone else, just being a gentleman of leisure.

This is why I think an only child is unlucky. He is given the best of education but what good is it to him? He just wastes time and a great deal of money. He cannot be very happy by himself. He has taken up so many things in the schools that he just does not know what to do and so spends his time being idle.

OLGA E. ROMAN

TRIVIA

How strangely idealistic is the Inner Self!

But can it not be compared to a Tree, aesthetically material, and yet assuming the aspect of the lead?

The Tree bursts forth as a seedling, innocent and devoid of the world's buffetings, and grows to maturity. But it suffers hindrances.

A child thoughtlessly tramples it while romping at its play; a dog, unheeding, injures the tender semi-formed branches; the elements vent their wrath upon it, to test it for its worthiness and fitness, and finding it withstands their anger, withdraws; defeated.

In the summer the foliage is donned. Green, leafy; joyous, optimistic, undaunted, fearless. Awing obstacles fall before sheer exuberancy.

But how barren, how bare of Hope is the Tree in the Autumn!

Shorn of exhilaration; facing the Grim Realities of Life, it bravely struggles to maintain a forced cheerfulness and failing, desists, resignedly.

I have often tried the art of introspection when I am gazing into a fire, but the results have been far from satisfying.

The flames leap and dance; they create weird fantasies and fantastic shapes and mind dwells on nothing definitely material; it is transported into another world, a universe where Lethargy is Deity and Solitude reigns.

How versatile are the moods of rain! It can dispel gloom and cheerfulness of the profoundest sort; it can reveal a savage, sadistic, lustful force driving—driving—unrelenting.

It can turn its mood to soft, lulling, apathy; soothing, quieting.

Rain—sweeping across blue green waters in spasmodic gusts, dotting the sea with myriads of tiny drops; beating a steady monotonous staccato—Rain—falling on the world, clothing it in an impenetrable blue mist, mysterious, deceiving; like a black-cloaked marauder stealthily approaching the unwary people.

Rain—dripping from the trees; pattering on the leaves and languidly dripping to the soaked earth below.

Rain—Warm—gentle creating life in the moist awakened ground of Spring, coaxing the tiny seedlings to come forth, as one arouses a sleeper loath to shake off the drug of Morpheus.

Rain — beating in cruel delight against one's face, calling forth hidden beings and emotions, creating intangible, indefinite, insane desires—beckoning with insistency to join in mad debaucheries—

Rain — joyous: carefree —savage; brutal-soothing; caressing-reminded; insatiable; a quirked mind with a vital factor snapped. B. R.

Man, so eminent scientists inform us, is the master of the earth, the ruler of the world.

But have you ever gone into a forest when the golden sun is sinking low in the sky; a fiery orb, painting the tree tops with red ethereal paint, and the dusk is creeping up on the unwary pines, silently, carefully, as a cat stalks a feeding bird. The arms of the fir wave back and forth in rhythmic cadence in the indiscernable cooling breeze, whispering gently.

The soft, warm carpet of the forest gives under foot, and creates a feeling of friendliness; of security.

The Dominion of the Mighty Pine and the Fir, where the spoken word seems sacrilegious; superfluous; and a feeling of awe; of regal splendor steals over one!

You will quizzically wonder why the gigantic problems of yesterday, the obstacles that had seemed so colossal, suddenly melt and assume startlingly small proportions.

The giant boughs seem to whisper in the evening breeze: "How infinitesimal is man; how material his actions; how idealistic his thoughts!" and the first twinkling star, millions of miles away, mutely corroborates the fact.

Ah, now you can silently mock the unromantic scientific statements, so cold, so unfeeling; for you have complied your own philosophy to let Man try to wrench it from you, if he may!

So throw away the rebel books, to laugh aloud, for no one, no one but you and God know it!

BANNING REPPLIER

ALL IN THE FAMILY

On a blistering summer afternoon, Antonio Minolo, proprietor of the De Luxe Fruit and Vegetable Store, gathered up an end of his white apron, wiped the perspiration from his face, and thanked the Gods for the temporary lull in trade.

At this moment, a very important-looking gentleman with a red moustache walked briskly into the store, glanced about in a questioning manner, removed a huge black cigar from his mouth, and regarded the proprietor frowningly.

"Health department," he grunted, displaying a highly polished star. "Had a complaint about you. Where de yuh keep your garbage?"

"Me?" gasped Antonio. "A complaint? I betcha you got the wrong store! Nobody could be more careful—"

"Never mind, where's the garbage?"

"Outside the back door."

"Yeah? Well, let's have a look."

Antonio led the way through the back room and out the rear entrance. Beside the alley door stood a galvanized iron can. There was no lid on it, and an unappetizing assortment of soft apples, overripe bananas, and ill-smelling cantaloupes met their eyes.

"Phew!" muttered the health officer, holding his nose. "Why don'tcha keep a lid on that?"

"There was a lid on it," howled the amazed merchant. "Some kids musta swiped it. It was there a couple of hours ago, cause I remember—"

"Cut it. I'll bet that can never owned a lid. Gee, what a smell! I oughta have you up for this, but you find a cover or I'll make it plenty hot for you!"

Antonio watched the officer stride rapidly down the alley and turn a corner, then hastily cursing the unknown party who had stolen the lid, he strode into the store for something to cover the can.

"Darn them kids" he growled, walking into his establishment. "Always playing dirty jokes."

He stopped abruptly as he became aware of a much dirtier joke which had been played on him. The drawer of the cash register was open! Open and empty!

He was still staring at the register

when Dave Nelson, owner of a small cigar store next door, came in to buy an apple.

"There musta been two of them," declared Nelson, when informed of the robbery. "Pretty darned clever!" he laughed unsympathetically.

"I suppose one waited outside, then rushed in and grabbed the money after you went out the back door with his pal. Did they get much?"

"Over a hundred," moaned Antonio. "Ain't I a sucker!" Suddenly he shook with anger. "If I ever see that guy I'll wreck him. Where's the nearest police station?"

"About three blocks around the corner, on Dill Street."

"I'll talk to the captain himself! An' while I'm gone, if anybody comes in your place and asks for me, tell 'em I'll be back quick."

Nelson promised and returned to his own place of business. A few seconds later he saw Antonio lock the front door of his store and start furiously down the street.

"So somebody hooked him for a hundred," he mused. "I wonder—"

Suddenly he became uneasy. Rushing behind his counter, he bent down and picked up one of the several cigar boxes stacked on the floor. He opened it. The box was empty! Nelson turned pale and sputtered. That box had contained silver and paper money!

Another robbery had been committed.

"Ah, my friends, it's me—Antonio. I'm in more trouble. On my way to the police station I meet that guy with the red moustache, so I grab him, smack him down, and almost kill him. An' now I am locked up because he ain't a robber; he is from the health

department. Hot digitty! I no can understand!***

"Is that so?" grunted Nelson.

"An' so I want you to do me a favor I got a brother-in-law named Dominick Santaschini what runs a pool room on Leavitt Street. Go to him and git five hundred bucks cash that they want to set me free. You'll do it?—O. K. —Good-bye."

"Monkey Face" Steele leaned unsteadily against the bar in Loomis Street and tossed down a glass of moonshine. Ordinarily, "Monkey Face" was a close-mouthed man, but drink had a tendency to loosen his tongue. Anyhow, he felt that this latest stunt of his was too funny to keep quiet.

"Gee, I pulled a fast one this afternoon, Jim," he chuckled to the bartender. "Yuh see, I was standing in a hallway watchin' two stores across the street. One's a cigar store an' the gink what owns it is parked in the doorway with a face a mile long, like he ain't doin' any business. So I don't pay any attention to him. But right next door is a fruit store what's doin' a rushin' business. I'm figurin' on stallin' around till he's alone and then sticking him up."

"Pretty soon all his customers swarm, but before I gets a chance to leave, some big stiff slides into the fruit store an' starts an argument, see? The cigar store guy hears 'em arguing an' glances up just in time to see 'em both disappear into the back room. He begins acting funny an' looks quick around him but don't see anybody around. Finally he beats it into the first store, cleans out the cash register, and scrams back to his own store. Then I sees him dump the jack into a cigar box and ditch it under the coun-

ter. He waits until he hears the fruit guy let out a squawk an' then hops back and starts chinning wid his neighbor, looking real innocent. I slips across the street, dives under the cigar counter, locates the jack, pockets it, an' lams through the back door while he come in the front. Gee, I laughed about it all afternoon. Ain't that hot, Jim?"

"Sure is," agreed the bartender. "Get much?"

"Little over a hundred." Then his face clouded and he sighed. "But it didn't last long. About an hour ago I lost the whole works an' **some more** o' my own in the crap game in the pool room in Leavitt Street. Yuh know the place, don'tcha? It's run by Dominick Santaschini—"

JOSEPH DeFABIO,

CONFESSIONS OF A STUDENT TO HIS TEACHER

At present my studying lacks enthusiasm and my work shows a total absence of preparation. I go home every night (?) and use my time reading, a very educational method by which I may or may not gain the ends I seek.

I realize that if I changed my slack methods I might attain greater heights in my scholastic ratings. I am not consistent in any of my studies therefore my marks are atrocious.

I think it is bad for my already undermined health and immature brain to labor and strive *very diligently* trying to learn the Perfect Subjunctive of the verb Amo; verbs which have no direct bearing on my future life or position. I realize the possibility of one day saying: "I took two years of Latin and found it very educational, my son. Otherwise I wouldn't hold the position

I do. I am only telling you this for your own good. It will improve your English vocabulary greatly."

My French, I grant you, may or may not come into play in my life, but as to the present, I thoroughly dislike pondering and tearing my hair over the *Passé Simple*, position of the adjective, comparison of adjectives and the like.

I thoroughly agree with you, as well as your fellow colleagues, that if I do not change my procrastinating, aimless ways, I will be left standing in the *melée*. Therefore I solemnly promise to change my shiftless methods and stop dilly-dallying in the serious matter of concentrated studying and put as much "gusto" as possible into this lost art called: "Studying."

THOMAS PARADIS

CLASS SONG

(Tune of Champagne Waltz)

Memories to haunt us
Memories to taunt us
Telling us that we are gone
Always very sadly
Never very gladly
But here is our song.

Farewell to Norwell High
As we say our last good bye
The sunny path's we'll cherish still
While climbing up lifes rugged hill
Farewell To Norwell High
Not forgetting the days gone by
Work is there, that awaits us,
And we must be off
Farewell, Norwell High

CHARLOTTE WEARE
& MARION APPLEFORD

DRAMATIC CLUB

A Dramatic Club was formed in January, 1933 by the students of Norwell High, under the supervision of Mr. Rodman Booth, our drawing teacher. The purpose of this club is to give the pupils a keener interest in plays and other branches of dramatic work.

Many pupils showed great interest and the club has about forty members. Everyone seems to enjoy it and there has been a large attendance at each meeting. The meetings were held on the third Thursday of each month.

The officers were elected in January as follows:

President	Eleanor Wadsworth
Vice-president	Richard Gaudette
Secretary	Marion Appleford
Treasurer	Charlotte Weare
Historian	Esther Whiting

These officers carried out their duties very capably. New officers were recently elected and they are:

President	Esther Whiting
Vice-president	William Hamblen
Secretary	Eunice Phelps
Treasurer	Elizabeth McManus
Historian	Florence Nelson

A constitution was drawn up and approved by the club. Any article in this constitution may be changed at any meeting by a vote of two-thirds of the members.

A group of the members went to Boston to see a play but being unable to procure tickets they went to the movie "Little Women." All of the members enjoyed it and agreed that it was a fine show and the acting was very well done.

The club also gave a play and a moving picture was shown in the High School auditorium.

We believe that this club has been a real success and hope it continues.

ESTHER WHITING

WHO IS THE

Best looking girl?	Charlotte Weare
Best looking boy?	Richard Gaudette
Best boy athlete?	Frank De Fabio
Best girl athlete?	Charlotte Weare
Class baby?	Eleanor Wadsworth
Class actress?	Eleanor Wadsworth
Class actor?	Malcolm Whiting
Class artist?	Malcolm Whiting
Most studios ?	Olga Roman
Most popular?	Eleanor Wadsworth
Class flirt?	Charlotte Weare
Most bashful?	Richard Maxwell
Best drag with faculty?	Charlotte Weare
Most dependable?	Eleanor Wadsworth
Most courteous?	Laura Farrar
Most reserved?	Joseph Tolman
Best natured?	Richard Maxwell
Woman hater?	Joseph Tolman
Best dancer?	Marion Appleford
Wittiest?	Richard Maxwell
Laziest?	Frank De Fabio
Best dressed girl?	Eleanor Wadsworth
Best dressed boy?	Malcolm Whiting
Class giggler?	Olga Roman
Blushes the most?	Olga Roman
Jabbers the most?	Edna Litchfield
Sleeps the most?	Thomas Campbell

Betty McManus: "Joe DeFabio told me a story last night."

Betty Os.: "Did he tell it well?"

Betty Mc.: "Well, he held his audience."

Phil Ekstrom—"Well Betty what must I do to gain your heart?"

Betty Osborne—"Be a surgeon."

... Grammar School ...

DAINTY ROBBERS

Get out! Go home!

Or do you want to get hurt?

Say yes! Say no!

And put those jewels back.

They put the jewels down—

Which they had planned to take,

But when they started on their way

The guardsmen took their place.

Now we have them cornered

And we are glad of that,

For they are dainty robbers

That jump around like rats.

Barbara Weare, Grade 7

A CHEERY MESSAGE

Mabel was recovering from a serious illness in a dreary, grey, dismal, but in some ways happy hospital room. In spare time she would sit and watch the cherry tree which had been planted in a box near her bed. It was about two feet high. She had watched it ever since it came out of the earth. She was thinking what she would do when it was gone. Then she heard a soft cool refreshing voice.

"Oh!" she cried, "it is Jerry the robin, now I know spring is here." There on a branch sat Jerry, his chest was as red as an apple, his cocked head against the greyish pane of the window and from his yellow bill poured a song of joy. Ah, what if Mother Nature had not brought these two emblems of spring to Mabel.

Gertrude Goldman, Grade 6

THOUGHTS

The wind is howling through the trees
The wheat is growing as fast as can be,
The birds are sleeping as in deep
thought—

The stream is racing with the clock.

In the shade are sleeping cats

Airplanes are flying as fast as bats,

Hornets are buzzing where children
play—

These are my thoughts of today.

Barbara Weare, Grade 7

A POEM

I have a duck named Susabella,

She lays no eggs so I've got 'a sell 'a,

All she does is eat and sleep,

She won't even go peep, peep.

After many years of bad luck,

I had to sell my little pet duck,

Now I wish I had 'a back,

That ain't no lie, it's a fact.

Edison White, Grade 7

IN THE WOODS

The pines are dressed in their beautiful green needles; the oak, and maples are fading; the evergreens murmur their lonesome song; a squirrel jumps through the trees. The lonesome brook flows over the rocks, worn as smooth as glass. The sky is a beautiful blue, and in the air a flock of geese flies toward the south. I like this picture because it has some of God's most beautiful things in it.

Wesley Holmes Osborne, Grade 6

WALKING THROUGH FANEUIL HALL MARKET

"What a huge place," I said to my mother as we passed into the entrance of Faneuil Hall Market. And indeed it was for when you entered you saw a long aisle and stalls of food on either side.

The market was a beautiful sight, for it was nearing Christmas. The walls and ceiling were decked with fragrant boughs of pine and clusters of holly. As you walked by you saw stalls of geese and turkey hanging from strings all ready for the Christmas festival and still more stalls of fruit and vegetables that made you want to take and eat something as you passed.

Everywhere venders were calling and shouting their wares as people walked on.

Then, all too soon we came to the end and had to go home, but I shall never forget that pleasant walk thru Faneuil Hall Market.

Mary Skelding, Grade 6

SUNSET

Beautiful is the sunset
As it passes behind the hill,
It gives me a feeling of ecstasy,
And a momentous thrill.

As the shadows come creeping,
From behind the shed,
I think of that same old sunset
And where its light has tread.

When the dawn is breaking
And the rooster crows,
I look behind the hillsides
And I see that the sun still glows.

Alice Joseph, Grade 7

FLOWERS

Flowers blooming gay and bright,
Glistening in the morning light.

Hollyhocks are bending low
As the breezes gently blow.

Tulips dressed up in their best,
Stately in their beds they rest.

As the colors softly blend
Makes one think of a rainbow end.

Virginia Hall, Grade 7

THE COUNTRY FAIR

Going to the country fair
I saw one man without any hair,
He was very old and short,
Don't know if he'd gone or not:

Swaying about in the trapeze
We saw a clown, who'd make you
freeze,
I thought that he would surely fall,
Many clowns wouldn't do it at all.

Down the street went the elephant,
I thought he was pretty large,
Very few horses there could dance,
Even a horse was in a barge.

Roger Apts, Grade 7

TO MISS OLLENDORF

I have no love for you in my heart,
I shall not weep when we must part,
But I will always think of you as a
sinner
For did you not make me go without
my dinner?
Found in room two.

Author unknown



BOYS' BASEBALL AND BASKETBALL TEAMS

BOY'S ATHLETICS

The boy's basketball team this year was very successful, with twelve games won, one tied and five lost. Also we were victors of the South Shore League. Captain Maxwell, Peterson and DeFabio were the outstanding players of the year. Captain Maxwell, De Fabio, Gaudette and Campbell will be graduated in June. For next year, Peterson, Ekstrom, Feneck, J. DeFabio, Pike, Piro, Alves, Lewis and Goldman will be back again with Coach Jackman and with what we hope will be a winning combination.

The schedule was as follows:

Team	1st game		2nd game	
	Op.	Nor.	Op.	Nor.
Hollbrook	8	37	22	37
Quincy Soph.	26	30		
Alumni	34	22		
Scituate	16	18	14	20
Kingston	21	30	16	51
Pembroke	17	19	21	33
E. Bridgewater	21	16	36	38
Hanover	14	32	41	19
Marshfield	11	34	17	18
Duxbury	26	26	17	48
Kingston	11	25	14	18

BASE BALL

Coaches Mr. Jackman and Mr. Daggett. The baseball team had a poor year losing 7 out of 9 games. This was due mostly to the fact that there were not enough boys to have a varied choice.

Basketball	Baseball
Maxwell, H., captain	s. s.
J. DeFabio, lg.	Outfielder
F. DeFabio, rg.	
Pike, H.	Second base
Peterson, rf.	Catcher
T. Paradis, c.	First base

D. Lewis, rg.	Outfield
H. Alves, rf.	Outfield
Campbell, g.	Third base
A. Feneck, c.	
Goldman, mgr.	Outfield
Richard Gandette, rf.	
	Captain, Third base
Mac Whiting	Pitcher
Tolman, lg.	Outfield
Porter	Outfield
H. Paradis	Catcher
Power	Outfield
	F. D.

TENNIS NEWS

The Norwell-Hanover Tennis team, with two years of playing behind it, has nearly completed another spring schedule. The season has been quite successful on the whole, inasmuch as the team has played many difficult schools, many times the size of the combined High schools.

Two members of the team, J. Beal and B. Repplier, were semi-finalists at the Brockton Tournament, held June 2, and J. Beal and W. Whiting were doubles finalists. Due to the regulation that all players must come from the same school, Beal and Repplier, the Number 1 doubles team were unable to play together. The players are as follows:

B. Repplier, J. Beal, D. Beal, W. Whiting, H. Shepard.

Doubles teams: No. 1, Repplier and J. Beal; No. 2, Whiting and Shepard.

		Norwell-
		Hanover
Thayer Academy	4	3
Newton	6	1
Fabor Academy	5	4
Weymouth	1	4
Plymouth	3	3



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Weymouth	4	1
Plymouth	1	5
Brockton Tournament:		
Attleboro	13	3
(Lawrence, Holbrook, Milton, Plymouth—0)		
Milton	4	1
Braintree	1	4
Uncompleted schedule:		
Abington (2 games)		
Quincy		
Holbrook (2 games)		
State Championship at Longwood.		
B. REPLIER		

GIRL'S ATHLETICS

BASKETBALL

The girls' basketball team of 1933-34 played through an extensive schedule of basketball. There is one team member who is graduating, Charlotte Weare. This leaves the Misses Gauley, Whiting, Osborne, Feneck, Sharp, McManus, Maxwell, Phelps, Henderson, Prouty, Merritt, and Robbins.

Miss Heathcote, our coach, and Marion Appleford our manager should be thanked for their cooperation.

The results of the games are as follows:

	Norwell	Opponent
Holbrook	19	53
Mummi	35	27
Rockland	24	41
Scituate	19	40
Pembroke	39	15
E. Bridgewater	18	26
Hanover	36	39
Marshfield	9	43
Holbrook	15	52
Scituate	32	59
Hanover	34	56
E. Bridgewater	33	26
Pembroke	43	19

Duxbury	29	42
Marshfield	5	38
Duxbury	24	34

GIRL'S BASKETBALL

Jessie Sharp	c. gd.
Betty McManus	rt. gd.
Charlotte Weare	l. gd.
Esther Whiteing, Captain	l. for.
Myrtle Gauley	rt. for.
Catherine Feneck	c. for.
Betty Osborn	c. gd.

Substitutes

Evelyn Maxwell	for.
Frances Henderson	for.
Frances Bent	gd.
Norma Prouty	for.
Connie Robbins	gd.
Eunice Phelps	c. for.
Betty Merritt	c. gd.
Florence Nelson	gd.
Marion Appleford	Manager
Miss Heathcote	Coach

CHARLOTTE WEARE

DID YOU KNOW THAT—

Betty Osborn is *that* way over Dick Briggs of Hanover?

Marion Appleford likes "spiders?"

Harold has taken M. Gauley to Paradise?

Phylis Turner bought a Ford to take Mac out in?

Victor Peterson sees spots before his eyes?

We have a Romeo and Juliet affair: Yes, Tom Paradis and Ruth Knapp.

Melvin Burnside is *that* way over Helen Osborn?

Esther Whiting likes the color "Greene" the best.

Charlotte Weare just loves P. G.'s?

... Newsograms ...

"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER"

A dramatic club has been formed in Norwell High School. Eleanor Wadsworth of the senior class is the president.

On December 15 they gave a classical play, "She Stoops to Conquer." The play was very difficult as it was written in old English dialect.

The characters were successfully displayed by Eleanor Wadsworth as Kate Hardcastle; Charlotte Weare as Constance Neville; Dorothy Phelps as Mrs. Hardcastle; Banning Repplier as Young Marlow; Theodore Dinsmoor as Squire Hardcastle; Harold Paradis as George Hastings; Curtis Power as Tony Lumpkin; William Hanson as Diggory.

Music between acts was played by the Whitman High school band.

Despite the fact that the night was extremely cold and slippery, we had a good crowd.

MINSTREL SHOW

After much debating it was decided that a minstrel show would be given instead of the usual operetta.

Everything was underway and on the road to success. However we had started a little late.

The minstrel show has been postponed until next fall, when there will be more time. At the present we shall focus our attention on our graduation activities.

JUNIOR PROM

On May eleventh the Junior class held their annual Junior Prom. Robinardo's orchestra furnished the music. The decorations were unusually wonderful. A good time was had by all.

It was both a financial and social success.

TAP DANCING LESSONS AND GYM

Miss Betty Myers offered the town of Norwell her services as tap dancing teacher and gymnasium instructor.

It not only helped Miss Heathcote but also gave the Junior and Senior girls a chance to have exercises twice a week.

When the play "She Stoops to Conquer" came, we had a wonderful tap dance number done by Frank DeFabio, Victor Peterson and Augustine Feunek.

Miss Myers also helped with basketball coaching.

Miss Myers is now teaching in Northbridge, Massachusetts.

SHIPBUILDER TRIP

Four members of the Shipbuilder staff, Marion Appleford, Charlotte Weare, Malcolm Whiting and Richard Gaudette, attended a meeting at Norwood, where pupils from other schools met to discuss their books. After the supper and discourse, dancing was enjoyed by all.

ASSEMBLIES

Assemblies this year have been very successful. At Christmas and Thanksgiving plays were given just before the holiday. Each class contributed one number to the program.

Basketball tournaments were given for the amusement of the students. These games were held between different classes, including boys and girls.

Mr. David Sausser of Hanover read several very interesting short bits of prose and poetry which proved to be amusing to everybody.

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES OF GRADUATION WEEK

Graduation Week is the week of the eighteenth.

Class Night and Banquet, Monday, June 18th.

Graduation, Wednesday, June 20.

Senior Prom, Friday, June 22.

BASKET BALL SUCCESS

Basketball season was a great success. The splendid sportmanship of our boys brought home the South Shore League Banner.

SOCIALS

Several socials were held in the assembly hall.

The first one was sponsored by the senior class on September 29, 1933. A collection was taken up and the money received was used to pay our piano player, Mr. Ellis Gilbert.

Dancing and refreshments were enjoyed by all.

The second social came November 24, 1933. It was given by the Junior

class. Almond Bruce played the piano for dancing. Refreshments were served at ten.

VALENTINE'S DANCE

The class of thirty-four is very original. Instead of the usual Christmas dance they changed their date to February 10, and made it into a Valentine's Dance.

Silver and red hearts were hung from the ceiling. Red and white angels were tacked along the walls. On the whole the party was a marvelous success.

Cake and ice cream were sold as refreshments.

HALLOWEEN DANCE

The class of thirty-four gave a very charming Halloween Dance on October 27, 1933.

Robbinardo's orchestra furnished the best music ever played in the hall. Cider and doughnuts were served as refreshments.

A good time was had by all.

E. LITCHFIELD

MOOD IN MINOR

Whirling, sickening, pathos,
Eternities.

Blue, hazy, intangible,

Universe.

Swaying, falling, ephemeral,
Bodies.

Humming, ringing, revolting,
Noises.

Swinging, unreal, impregnable,
Spheres.

Langorous, lethargic, lassitudinous
Apathy.

BANNING REPLIER

"DAILY SCOOP"
 "We Pick Up The Dirt"

Dots and dashes and lots of flashes! Hello folks this is the Demon Reporter giving you the latest news on Norwell High school.

Well the boys ought to be able to keep awake in school. You see they have a little Knapp (nap) now.

I see Banning Replier is writing mush notes to a certain sophomore and she writes back also. They must think they are playing post office. I've read their notes "Over Somebody's Shoulder." Boy!

Who is the girl at Scituate Donald Porter is courting? We'd all like to know.

What is the matter with the student body this year? "Lovers' Lane" has not been travelled to any extent this spring.

That old Romance between Mac Whiting and Phyllis Turner is still on as strong as ever. We would like to know the secret on how to keep in love, Mac.

Well Frank De Fabio and Betty Osborne have come to a parting of the ways.

I see Cupid is up to his tricks again. This time he shot his little arrow into the hearts of a certain Freshman called Carleton and well, that's for you to find out. She is in the eighth grade. Every noon they are seen talking together and whispering sweet nothings in each other's ear. This promises to be good, folks. You want to watch out for it.

Now that Phyllis Turner has a car She and Mac ought to go pretty far With Mac beside her in the seat This romance will be hard to beat.

Curt Power, of the Hanson and

Power duet, in answer to Mr. Jackman's question in Ancient History, as to what tune Nero played on his fiddle while Rome burned, said "Smoke gets in your eyes."

(You see his mind was thinking of his "heart exercisers" in Medford.)

Well Slim Somerville must want exercise bad to go down to Ruth Knapp's house and walk with her to school.

Harold Paradis, one of the Paradis boys, and his ducky wucky Myrtle are seen together often these days. What's the matter with Charlotte Weare and Harold? It must be "Trouble in Paradise."

Well there's no more dirt, so we can't throw any. So, so long till we meet again.

Wright Alott

"The Demon Reporter"

A. PIRO

IT WOULD BE STRANGE IF—

Olga Roman lost thirty pounds.

Fitzgerald got to school on time.

Mac Whiting stopped walking to the center.

Donald Porter ever became a Captain of a real ship.

Laura Farrar became talkative.

Edna couldn't go to a dance once a week.

Curt became ambitious.

Tony lost his tongue.

Francis Bent lost her giggle.

All of the Ancient History Class recited.

Miss Ollendoff—"Are you acquainted with Shakespeare?"

Apts—"I ain't acquainted with no beer I'm a temperate man."

PERSONALITY BLUES

"The Last Round Up." The day marks close.

"What'll I Do." English test ahead.

"I can't believe its true." Everybody studied his Ancient History.

"I want you, I need you." An 'A' in Latin.

"Let's Make Up." A French test I flunked.

"At the close of a long, long day." 2:30 p. m.

"It'll take a Little time." To learn Physics terms.

"A Little Grass Shack." The school building.

"I'm Keeping Company." Mac Whiting.

"The Lost Chord." The Glee Club.

"I'm Popeye the Sailor." Donny Porter.

"You Have taken my heart." Billy Hanson.

"Puddin' Head Jones." Curt Powers.

"You've Gotta be a Basketball Hero". "Pete."

"Please." Just before an Ancient History exam.

"Paradise Lane." Main street.

"How can I go on without you." My diploma.

"Boulevard of Broken Dreams." The corridor.

"Flying down to Rio." Sparrell's bus line.

"Dancing Marathon." Edna Litchfield.

"Everyone loves our Marguerite." Eleanor Wadsworth.

"By a Water Fall." Down by the brook.

"Let's all sing like the birdies sing." Graduation chorus.

"Let's have another cup of coffee." The lunch room.

"The Dark Town Strutter's Ball." Senior Prom.

"Keep Young and Beautiful." Marion Appleford.

"This Little Piggie Went to Market." Josslyn's.

"Better Think Twice." True and false test.

"You're Gonna Lose your gal." Frankie DeFabio.

"Sweet and Simple." Laura Farrar.

"Grandfather's Clock." Mr. Daggett's Watch.

"The Homestead on the Hill." Mrs. Turner's house.

"Marching along together." Graduation march.

"Please, Mr. President." Richard Gaudette.

"What'll We Do." After graduation.

"Was my face red." Olga Roman.

"I've got you in the palm of my hand." Charlott Weare.

"Why did I Kiss that girl." Richard Maxwell.

"So Shy." Joe Tolman.

"Lazy Bones." Thomas Campbell

E. D. LITCHFIELD

BANKING RECORDS

Our school pupils must be getting prosperous. Our banking records have certainly held their own all this season. There has been no average under 100 per cent.

Campbell while writing jokes: "I've got to get some dirt in this paper."

Thomas: "Well, there's plenty in this room."

... *Alumni Notes* ...

This list gives the whereabouts of our Alumni who have graduated during the last five years.

Class of 1929

Elsie Henderson, teaching at Hanover-Salmond school.

Almer Erickson, going to Wentworth.

Albert Cavanaugh, at home.

Edna Hatch, Mrs. Fred Dryden.

Andrew Maxwell, carpenter.

Raymond Merritt, employed by Accord Chemical Co.

Ruth Smith, Mrs. Laurence living in Norwell.

Elizabeth Campbell, Mrs. Laurence Hunter living in Plymouth.

Class of 1930

Lizzie Damon, at home.

James Carey, at home.

David Flett, working in Boston.

Carol Joseph, Mrs. Robert Munnis.

Ruth Gardner, Mrs. Laurence Rogers living in Marshfield.

Davis Blossom, deceased.

Elsie Maxwell, going to school in Worcester.

Linwood Torrey, employed by the Old Colony Laundry.

Orran Cann, deceased.

Kenneth Perry, at home.

Eleanor Weare, working.

Richard Whiting, chauffeuring in Hingham.

Raymond Sharp, at home.

Cynthia Robbins, attending Tufts College-Jackson.

Class of 1931

George Cavanaugh, working at East Bridgewater.

Grace DeFabio, at home.

Gertrude Gauley, Mrs. Fred Timpany, living in Scituate.

Grandon Keene, at home.

Mary Young, Mrs. Frances Hines, living in Accord.

Joan Franceschini, attending Jackson College.

Madeline MacDonald, Atherton Hall.

Mabel Lind, working in the State House.

Annette Wiggins, at home.

Joseph Szydlouski, goes to school in Boston.

Class of 1932

Charles Almon Bruce, producing plays.

Mary DeFabio, working.

John Clark, goes to Wentworth.

Marion Hardwick, goes to Designers Art School.

John Collburn, married to Ruth Appleford, living at Ridge Hill.

Evelyn Henderson, at home.

Wilder Gaudette, at home.

Ida McManus, working in Boston.

Leonard Hatch, at home.

Eleanor Maxwell, working at Mrs. Malcolm Blake's.

Earl Leavitt, living in Rockland.

Margaret Mesheu, at home.

Emerson Merritt, at home.

Barbara Osborne, Mrs. Paul Fountaine living in Hanover.

Russell Peterson, at home.

Mary Osborne, attending Bridgewater Normal School.

Norman Robbins, attending Colby College.

Gertrude Strachan, at home.

Lloyd Weare, attending Bentley Accounting.

Bernard White, at home.

Class of 1933

Gordon Robbins, New Hampton Prep School.

Florence Hamblen, post graduate.

Pearl Gauley, working at Sargent's.

Elizabeth Lincoln, attending Ather-ton Hall.

Byram Howard, attending Hunting-ton.

Edward Joseph, working at garage in Norwell.

Eleanor Joseph, at home.

Barbara Knapp, working in Boston.

Vincent Lincoln, working.

George Osborne, at home.

Sylvia Pike, working for father.

Barbara Smith, going to Night School.

Emily Smith, going to night school.

Vincent Travi, attending Tufts Col-lege.

Geraldine Tibbetts, at home.

Helen White, post graduate.

M. APPLEFORD

WOULDN'T IT BE FUNNY IF—

Laura was nearer instead of Farrar
Joe was a shortman instead of a "Tol-man."

Goldie was a model boy.

Edna was a hayfield instead of a Litch-field.

Marion was an Appletree instead of an Appleford.

Thomas was a wedding bell instead of a Campbell.

Donald was a Mackintosh instead of a Porter.

Richard was a cornet instead of a Gaudette.

Eleanor was Woolworth instead of a Wadsworth.

Frank De Fabio became Bashful.

Slim were a greenville instead of a Somerville.

Betty Osborne stopped writing notes to all the fellows.

Malcolm was a blacking instead of a Whiting.

Olga was a bowman instead of a Ro-man.

Bill Hanson stopped breaking hearts.

Richard was all-well instead of Max-well.

De Fabio was a crank instead of a Frank.

Myrtle was a gosh instead of a Gaul-ey.

Pauline was a Dodge instead of a Paige.

Charlie was a street instead of a Pike.

Virginia was Rose instead of Liley.

Ruth was a snooze instead of a Knapp

Tom was Heaven instead of Paradis.

Mr. Daggett was an empty brook in-
stead of a Philbrook.

Curtis was force instead of a Power.

Hanson was a note instead of a Bill.

Fred was a fireside instead of a Burn-side.

Francis was broken instead of Bent.

Ray was a shore instead of a Beach.

Phelps was a period instead of a Dot.

Osborne gambled instead of Bett.

Jessie was dull instead of Sharp.

MARION APPLEFORD

Mr. Jackman: "When I was in col-
lege I had four Alma Maters."

Power: "Were they all good look-
ing?"

Marion Appleford (while playing
truth and consequences.) "Mr. Turner
can you think of a question to ask
your wife?"

Mr. Turner: "Yes. Ask her how
much she weighs."

: : Senior Class Statistics : :

Name	Nick names	Favorite saying	Hobby	Wants To Be	But Wound Up	Favorite Song
Marion Appleford	"Appie"	That's swell	Spiders	A spider web.	Tangled	"Spin a little web of dreams"
Thomas Campbell	"Ted"	What do we have in Physics?	Working	Rich	Working hard as ever	"Lazy Bones"
Frank DeFabio	"Frankie"	You Betcha	Bossing the job	Loved by the right one	Jilted	"You're going to lose your gal"
Laura Farrar	"Lu"	Don't do it	Washing dishes	The bosses' wife.	Still washing dishes	"I'm looking forward to going back home"
Richard Gaudette	"Dick"	Hi! Nellie	Answering the telephone at 5:30 a. m.	Left asleep.	Still answering the phone.	"Don't say Good night"
Edna Litchfield	"Litchie"	Lousey	Men	Chorus girl	Burlesque Queen	"Without that certain thing"
Richard Maxwell	"Brick"	I dunno	Physics problems.	Professors of physics.	Professor of love	"Love is the sweetest thing"
Olga Roman	"Olga"	You wouldn't be kidding' me would you?	Studying	Thin	Fatter	"Just an all American girl"
Joseph Tolman	"Joe"	No.	Opposing people	Lady killer.	Still a woman hater	"Little you know"
Eleanor Wadsworth	"El"	It isn't even pathetic	Talking	Quiet	Still talking	"Why do you dream those dreams"
Charlotte Weara	"Weary"	Judas Priest	Flirting	Principals' private secretary.	Still a student.	"Beautiful Girl"
Malcolm Whiting	"Mac"	I love you.	Phil	Aviator	Crashed	"One minute to one"

... *AUTOGRAPHS* ...

Loyal Supporters

Dorothy Phelps
Marion J. Hurley
Esther Whiting
Helen White
Lois C. Turner
Earle W. Carleton
Olga Roman
Thomas Paradis
Betty Osborne
Phillip Ekstrom
Harold Paradis
Junior Somerville
Betty McManus
Catherine Feneck
Phyllis Turner
Raymond Beach
Joseph Tolman
Edna Litchfield
Richard Maxwell
Laura Farrar
Thomas Campbell
Constance Robbins
Roland Anderson
Florence Nelson
Evelyn Maxwell
Bill Hamblen



Phillip Daggett
Charlotte Weare
Teddy Dinsmoore
Banning Repplier
Marion Appleford
Myrtle Gauley
Edmund Lapham
Oella Minard
Joseph Merritt
Wilder Gaudette
F. B. Pinson
Joseph De Fabio
Elizabeth Strahan
P. Heathcote
Mary Higgins
Donald Porter
Franklin Totman
Teddy Dyer
Fred Burnside
Stephen Thomas
Victor Peterson
Eleanor Wadsworth
Richard Gaudette
Alice Ollendorf
Edward A. Jackman
Curtis Power



Ruth Knapp
Tony Piro
Grace Cole
Mrs. Theodore Dyer
Mrs. Albert Cavanaugh
Mrs. Harrington
Mr. Loring
John Fitzgerald
Mr. Louis Ogden
Mrs. Allie Thomas
Dr. T. Handy
Mrs. Mary Carey
Mrs. Charles Bruce
Mrs. Percy Power
Ruth Rowell
Mrs. A. Wilson
Miss Belle Schultz
Mrs. Ben Lawrence
Mr. & Mrs. Arthur Leonard
Mrs. H. F. Loring
Mrs. Herbert Lincoln
Eleanor Joseph
Robert Hackett
Mrs. Arthur Randall
Mr. & Mrs. Percy Litchfield

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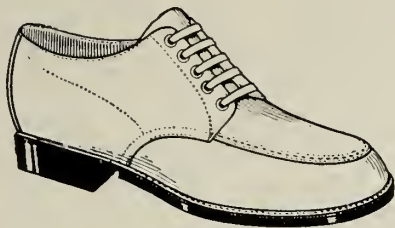
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